

THE
PRECEPTOR.

Or, the LOVES of

Abelard and Heloise.

Sup. 1/3 A 11777.2

Dramatick ENTERTAINMENT.

As it was acted at the Theatre in *Smock-Alley*.

*In ev'ry Work regard the Writer's End,
Since none can compass more than they intend:
And shun their Fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an Author into Vice.*

POPE on Criticism.

D U B L I N:

Printed by S. POWELL,

For ABRAHAM BRADLEY at the *Two
Bibles in Dame-Street*, over-against *Sycamore-Alley*. M DCC XL.



P

B^r E
With g
And, n
Beam i
Bare t
Yet, a
For Me
And, t
If tric

Wel
The Fo
A subt
Deludi
A fair
Slave
Enjoy t
And lo



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Sparkes, Senior.

B*Y various Methods the industrious Stage
Effays to woo, and win a fickle Age ;
With gentle Lessons now we strive to warm ye ;
And, now, with Virtue's whole Artillery storm ye ;
Beam the bright Moral, swell the patriot Sigh,
Bare the false Heart, and flood the pitying Eys.
Yet, after all, we're forc'd to temporize,
For Men will take their Methods to be wise ;
And, to no Purpose we exhibit Nature,
If trickt not up in Sing-song, Rant, and Satire.*

*Well then, to Night, Sirs, in your fav'rite Way,
The Force of Love and Beauty we display,
A subtle Passion ruling in the Mind,
Deluding Arts by which it is refin'd,
A fair-One pleading in Dame Nature's Cause,
Slave of her Will, and Victim of her Laws.
Enjoy the Scene ; endure the tender Tale ;
And let the Moral in your Lives prevail.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Abelard</i> , Preceptor to, and in love with <i>Heloise</i> .	}	Mr. <i>Este</i> .
<i>Fulbert</i> , a Canon, Uncle to <i>Heloise</i> .		Mr. <i>Philips</i> .
<i>Solitaire</i> ,	}	Mr. <i>Morrice</i> .
<i>Rally</i> ,		Mr. <i>Sparkes jun.</i>
A Fryar,		Mr. <i>Barrington</i> .

Suitors to *Agaton*.

W O M E N.

<i>Heloise</i> ,	}	Mrs. <i>Martin</i> .
<i>Agaton</i> , Servant to <i>Heloise</i> , and in love with <i>Abelard</i> .		Mrs. <i>Reynolds</i> .

The Ghost of Virginity.

' S C E N E ,

Fulbert's House in Paris.

T H E



THE
PRECEPTOR.

A
Dramatick Entertainment.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Abelard, Heloise, *sitting at a Table furnished
with Books, Globes, &c.*

A B E L A R D.

A I R I. *The Northern Lads.*

OF all the Passions of the Soul
To which a Prey we fall,
Love reigns alone without Controul,
Subdues, and equals all:

Ambition, Avarice, and Pride
We charm by various Ways;
But here our Reason is no Guide,
And here our Virtue strays.

[They rise, and come forward.
Till

Till now, I thought Philosophy would prove
A certain Refuge from the Storms of Love,
But, now I'm launch'd in its tempestuous Sea,
Spite of that Anchor, I am cast away.

In vain I teach my Passions how to roll,
Rein their false Rage, and moderate the Soul;
If o'er ourselves a Vict'ry we obtain,
In Love's soft Conflict we're enslav'd again.

Where is the Force thy Charms cannot subdue?
Ah! what is Learning when oppos'd to you?

Hel. And yet, it happens in the Fights of Love,
Where both are vanquish'd, both the Victors prove.
Yes, *Abilard*,—nor do I blush to own,
Thine is my Heart, by Merit fairly won.
Altho', perhaps, I have too soon confest:
I should have kept the Secret in my Breast,
Till I was sure, the Lord of my Desires
Burnt with as quick, and as enduring Fires.
Where Women love they're forward to believe,
And by our Faith we prompt you to deceive;
Too weak to fathom, or to foil your Arts,
You gain an easy Triumph o'er our Hearts,
Which, by the Right of Conquest you maintain,
But O how short, how transient is the Reign!
Since with our Charms your Passion will decay,
And all the bright Dominion fade away.

A I R II. *When Fanny, blooming fair.*

I.

Ah! why has Heav'n assign'd
To Love so short a Date,
And not the Lover's Mind
Proportion'd to his State?
Yet, fleeting as it is,
And lost e'er we possess,
Inconstant Man the Bliss
Has made by Falshood less.

II. Or,

Tho' I
Ab
By all
Chieft
I swea
Hel
Vows
Love
Bound
Like
And v
There
Since
The c
Is, to
Ab
Come
Unite
He
An an
Ab
Who
Who
True
Love
The

II.

Or, if a fickle Mind
 So great a pleasure be,
 Why should not Woman-kind
 Be false, as well as he ?
 Why is't a Crime in Maids
 Those Passions to pursue,
 Which Man's superior Aids
 Too weak are to subdue?

Tho' I approve, yet I suspect your Youth.

Abe. Doubt my Existence, rather than my Truth.
 By all the ruling Deities above,
 Chiefly by thee, almighty Pow'r of Love,
 I swear that —

Hel. Hold! for they that swear will cheat ;
 Vows are too oft the Parents of Deceit.
 Love is a free-born Passion of the Mind,
 Bound by no Oaths, and by no Laws confin'd,
 Like other Flames it has its proper Fewel,
 And will expire without it.
 Therefore, since you and I are doom'd to love,
 Since with a like Propensity we move,
 The only Way our Passion not to smother,
 Is, to be Flame and Fewel to each other.

Abe. There spake the Soul and Rhetorick of Love!
 Come to my Arms, ——— infold me too in thine ;
 United Souls one Body should enshrine.

Hel. Condemn me not because I am sincere ;
 An artless Passion no Disguise will wear.

Abe. Let hidden Fires the slow dull Nymph destroy,
 Who mocks her Passion, and belies her Joy,
 Who, free by Nature, lives a Slave to Art,
 True to her Fame, and faithless to her Heart.
 Love is the Life of Beauty, 'tis that arms
 The killing Grace, and lights up all its Charms.

Hel.

The PRECEPTOR.

Hel. Yet, with your Sex, it is a Maxim known,
That ours should not capitulate too soon :
And, doubtless, 'twill of *Heloise* be said,
She this kind Warmth too willingly betray'd.

Abe. Lives there a Man, however great and wise,
Who breaths so much,—by Wit and Pow'r, he dies.

A I R III. *Peggy's Mill.*

I.

The Sages declare,
That Love is a Snare
To intrap, and enervate the Mind ;
Yet, often that Blade
A Hero 't has made,
Whom Nature a Coward design'd.

II.

Young *Cupid* is still
A God of good Will,
And conquers by gentle Alarms ;
But the desperate Wight,
Who provokes him to fight,
Shall find him a Fury in Arms.

Hel. Hark ! for I think my Uncle's Step I hear,—
So let's to Bus'ness, and our Books, my Dear.

[*They fit as before.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Fulbert, listening.

Abe. Our good old Fathers thought their World the
Her Way gave Nature, and the Earth had Rest :
Their sober System this,—their Sons new scan it,
And,—Pox on 'em ! reduc'd us to a Planet,

[*best :*

Led

The PRECEPTOR.

Led Nature's Dance, and, in the gen'ral Jig,
Set it a-going——like a Whirligig.

Hel. So, about the Sun the tuneful Orbs, you say, turn,
As Poets sing and circle round a Patron?

Abe. But, *vice versa*,
As from the Sun those Orbs their Light receive,
So, Patrons from the Wits their Beams derive:
And thus you see, (for it was well apply'd)
In either System *Phæbus* will preside.
Observe the Scheme. ———

[*Shows her a Solar System.*

Fulbert aside.] This does not look like Love; nor
can I find,

With all my Caution, they are so inclin'd.
But, in this idle, and invidious Place,
So proud, yet so tenacious of Disgrace,
Where Scandal, without Gallantry, declaims,
And the lewd Tongue the spotless Breast defames,
They'll coin e'en Looks to Love, with wondrous Art,
Then make it current with a Virgin's Heart.

[*They observe him, and rise.*

Well, *Abelard*,——and how improves my Niece?

Abe. Believe me, *Fulbert*, she's a Master-piece!
Nor is her Form, tho' matchless, more refin'd,
Than is the bright Complexion of her Mind.

Fulb. I long till she can hold a smart Dispute,
And vindicate a Thesis or refute.

Abe. 'Tis the best Way of educating Youth,
To visit Error in the Road to Truth.
We give fair Play to every fav'rite Notion:
Early this Morning we unhing'd all * Motion;
Then, with a modern Searcher into Nature,
We fairly did annihilate all Matter;

* *Melissus, the Philosopher of Samos, and Disciple of Parmenides, taught there was no Motion; that the Universe was unchangeable, immoveable, always the same, and full.*

In our next Lesson I reverse each Notion,
And shall inculcate Matter mixt with Motion.

Fulb. And pray repeat your Lessons ——— do you hear?

For tho' these Topicks are above my sphere,
Yet I, where'er she goes, would have it said,
Lo, *Fulbert's* Niece, the Scientific Maid!
And thus, that Fame which is to me deny'd,
Shall by her Wit and Beauty be supply'd.
But come, unbend your Minds; a small Collation
Waits ye within, by Way of Recreation.

S C E N E III. A Garden.

Agaton, Solitaire.

Agat. How can you touze, and blowze one so? I swear

You might b' asham'd on't Mr. *Solitaire*.
You Courtiers are the veriest Rakes alive;
If you must keep a Harlot—pr'ythee wive.
I'd have you to know, Sir, I'll be no Man's Strumpet;
I'll be no Blast for Fame's malicious Trumpet.
So, sigh your Heart out, languish, and adore;
No salve of *Agaton's* shall heal your sore.
What! do you think my Honour, and Repute
Not Proof 'gainst Effence, and a tawdry Suit?

Sol. Ha, ha, ha. — Honour! and Reputation!
The Prejudice of Vulgar Education;
Meer Phantoms Child, and form'd but to delude
The Mind from Blifs, and make a Maid a Prude.
Honour and Fame, like other Laws and Rules,
May serve to fetter Slaves, and bias Fools,
But, my sweet Soul, your Folks of Consequence
Are unacquainted with their Influence;
People of Mode are their own Legislators.

Agat. For their Faith too, they might be their own
Creators.

Sol.

The PRECEPTOR.

II

Solitaire. Pugh! Pox! have done with your old-fashion'd Phrase.

Love's Wound is Parley, and it's Death Delays.
Enjoy my Heart while 'tis your own Dominion;
Time wastes; Youth fades; and Pleasure's on the Pinion,

Then catch it as it flies. Think, if you crown
My Happiness, you will secure your own.
Be mine, I'll lift thee to high life my Dear,
Above all Sense of Calumny, or Fear;
Unrival'd, thou shalt flaunt it up and down,
The Glory, Toast, and Envy of the Town!

Agaton. Yes, for a Twel'month, 'till your Humour's fated,

And then turn'd loose, kickt, ridicul'd, and hated,
Bandy'd from Fops to Fools a Twel'month more,
Then ply a filthy, flimsy, pimping, thieving Whore!

A I R IV. *Princess Amelia's Minuet.*

I.

No, no — believe me,
You shall ne'er deceive me:
Courtiers and Lovers alike faithless prove;
They who mind what you say,
Trust me shall rue the Day,
When they believ'd you in Friendship, or Love.

II.

Sol. — Must I hope no Redress?

Agat. — No, not from my Distress.

Sol. — How can you hope for the Bli's you deny?

Agat. — Is it a Wench you want?

Sol. — What you a'one can grant.

Agat. — Tho' I refuse, there are those will comply.

B 2

Sol.

Sol. Deaf as an Adder ! as a Tigress cruel !
Yet your Denial is my Passion's Fuel.
Since Youth, nor Wealth your stubborn Heart can move,
Force shall obtain what is deny'd to Love.

Agat. Murder ! Help ! Help ! —— You cruel, barbarous Creature !

SCENE IV.

Enter Rally, with his Sword drawn.

Rally. Hands off ! Have at thy Heart, thou rampant Satyr !

Sol. Hold ! Bully Bluff ! ---I'm not for tilting, neither.
I yield the Prize.——So, damn ye both together.

(Runs off, and Agaton faints.)

SCENE V.

Rally. She faints ! ——O my *Andromeda*, my Dear,
Behold your *Perseus*, your Deliverer.

My Love,——my Life,——'tis I, your fierce Adorer.

Oh ! for a Pool of Harts-horn to restore her.

No Water nigh ? ——Curse on the thirsty Place !

Gather, ye Clouds, and sprinkle in her Face.

But life returns, and with it all it's charms.

You're safe, my Soul, within a Lover's Arms.

Agat. Oh ! —— the foul Beast ! the filthy, lewd
Intriguer !

How weak is Woman combating with Vigour !

What ? and is it you then, Captain *Rally*,

Who to my Succour made this timely Sally ?

Rally. Yes. Ever watchful as thy guardian Saint,

No sooner had you utter'd your Complaint,

Than plum'd with Love, to your Relief I soar'd,

As Misers fly to their invested Hord.

Agat. I thank you Captain, and the Action deem
A brave, undoubted Mark of your Esteem.

Another

Another Opportunity may prove
A kind Requital of a gen'rous Love ;
But for the Present I am so confus'd,
So discompos'd, ——— I beg to be excus'd.

(Going, he stops her.

To-morrow, Sir, I shall be glad to see you.

{Exit.

S C E N E. VI.

Rally. Nor will I fail, my Charmer, to be wi' you.
To-morrow come, and if unblest it pass,
Say, *Rally* knows not to attack a Lafs.
Yes, yes, you brisk, intoxicating Gipsy,
We'll tipple Love 'till the blind God grows tipsy.

A I R V. *How pleasant a Sailor's Life passes.*

How blest is a Soldier's Condition,
If spent or in Peace, or in War,
Renown is our only Ambition :
We're Slaves, but to Fate, and the Fair.

Let others enjoy their high Station,
Or fall by the Means which they rose ;
While, true to the King and the Nation,
We plunder no Men but their Foes.

Thus answering well our Existence,
We envy no Mortal his Joys,
For Loyalty, Love, and Subsistence
Go thorough the World ——— brave Boys !
(Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Agat. So ——— thank my Stars, the Coast once more is clear.

What pushing Blades these wanton Rake-hells are !
Ah ! would the Youth, for whom I fight in vain,
Attend my Passion, and relieve it's Pain,

He,

He, unrepuls'd should every Freedom take,
Which I deny to others for his sake.
But, *Heloise*, alas! devours his Charms;
Alas! he revels in my Lady's Arms.
Ah! why, ye Gods, ah! why have ye decreed,
A Lady's Love should warm a Chamber-maid?
And yet, why not? what Difference between us?
None, that I know of, — in the Rites of *Venus*.
What! and my old lewd Fryar too! Nay, nay,
This, surely, must be *Cupid's* Holiday.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Fryar, singing.

AIR VI. *One Evening having a Mind to rake.*

Of all the Lovers of the Sport
The keenest is your Fryar,
Tho' we ourselves disqualify'd for't,
'Twas but to poach the Slyer:
What if we're doom'd to single Lives,
To mortify our Cravings,
Our Neighbours Daughters, Maids, and Wives
Take pity on our Ravings.

Agat. Father, I thought this Hour was due to Prayer?

Fryar. Therefore, I come to worship you, my Dear,
My little wanton, buxom, frisky Husky;
You jigling, pouting jade; — come buffy, buffy.

Agat. Now, fie upon you, would you tempt a Maid?
Is thus, your vow of Chastity obey'd?
I fancy, Father, we mistake your Merit;
You invoke the Flesh against the Spirit.

Fry. Nay, nay — If Maids begin to moralize,
It is high time, indeed, we should grow wise.
But, have a Care, that duly ye consent,
Lest ye provoke us to be continent,

And

And, if ye do—farewel to Fornication,
Trust me, we should depopulate the Nation.

Agat. For that we will. If not 'till Monks grow chaste

The Fair want Sparks, they won't despair in Haste :
No, no—you'll kindly teach us to transgress,
Rather than we want Matter to confess.

A I R VII. *A lovely Lass to a Fryar came.*

Agat. Tell me, Father, should I quench your Flame,
Would you remit me the Folly ?

Fryar. Ay, marry, if it can be a shame
To oblige a Man so holy.

Agat. I fear then I should be found to blame.

Fryar. Fear not I will absolve thee.

And where's the Danger of a small Pollution,
If those who give it give you Absolution ?

Agat. So, like the Scorpion, Gallants of your Coat,
Are both a Poison, and an Antidote ?

Fryar. Come, come, no more Theory, let's be doing ;

Life's short, and for Enjoyment made, not wooing.

I hate a slow, capitulating Wench,

Love's Flame more free to kindle than to quench.

I hate long Overtures. I hate your Spanish

Courtship. I'm for—

Agat. Vanish, Father vanish.

See, down the Walk, where comes my Lady's Tutor.

Fryar. A Murrain rot him—— for a foul Intruder !

(Exit.)

S C E N E IX.

Agat. Yes, yes— he comes ! — now Love a Tyrant reigns ;

Oh, how the Infection gallops thro' my Veins !

Hush

Hush Nature, hush ! be still my Heart, be still!
 No — throb, my Heart ! and Nature, try thy skill !
(She affects a melancholy Air.

SCENE X.

Enter Abelard.

Abel. So, *Agaton* — I'm glad to meet thee here.
 But why so penfive ? — why so dull, my dear ?
 Pr'ythee what ails thee ?

Agat. Why should you inquire
 Of that Distress which you alone inspire ?
 For ever luckless be the fatal Day
 When first to *Paris* I betook my Way ;
 But be that blotted from the circling Year
 Which fix'd me, wretched Maid ! a Servant here.
 O had I wisely been content to dwell,
 The frugal Heiress of my native Cell,
 The virtuous Object of my Parents Pride,
 I might long since have been some *Strephon's*
 Bride,

While my sweet Swain had watch'd his fleecy Care,
 I, his dear *Amaryllis*, had been there,
 Roy'd o'er the Meadows, or the Woods among,
 And shar'd his Love, his Labour, and his Song.
 But now — alas ! I love, and serve — (how hard
 A Fate !) without all hope of a Reward.

Abel. Heigh-Day ! art thou bewitcht ? or is the
 Maid

Romantick run, or pastorally mad ?
 I guess your Ail ; your Services I own
 Have been but ill repay'd ; — here, *Agaton*,
 Here's a specifick, take it for my sake.

(Offers her a Purse which she refuses.

Agat. Ah ! Doctor, — you my Malady mis-
 take.

If Gold would do, 'tis mine without the Menti-
 on ;

An amorous Courtier offers half his Pension ;
A Soldier would divide a Soldier's Portion ;
And, what is more, a Fryar his Extortion :
It is not Wealth, could you the *India's* give me,
Would work my Cure ;—and, yet, you can relieve me.
(*Looks languishingly on him.*)

Abel. As how ? say !

Agat. Lord !— will you extort the Mention ?
For a Wit you have the dullest apprehension !
If it must out—Know then, I love to Madness ;
'Tis Love ! Love ! Love's the Cause of all my Sadness !
That Face ! that Shape ! that Air ! that ev'ry Thing !
All ! ——— all conspire poor *Agaton's* undoing !

Abel. It grieves me, I confess, a tender Maid
By th' Warmth of her own Heart should be betray'd ;
Nor tempt me farther, lest I wish to find
Heloise less fair, or *Agaton* less kind.

Agat. Do not mistake me, Sir, and think that I
Behold my Mistress with a Rival's Eye :
May I be doom'd thro' Life a Maid to rove,
Exil'd forever from the Land of Love,
If e'er I sought to break my Lady's Rest,
Or wish'd to blot her Image from your Breast.
But, mayn't a Man of Wit and Gallantry
Be true to her, and yet be kind to me ?

A I R VIII. *Belinda, see from yonder Flowers.*

What tho' you pity my Distress,
And kindly heal the Wound you give,
Will *Heloisa's* Joys be less,
Or those which you from her derive ?

The Book which murmurs thro' the Meads,
If it my burning Thirst should slake,
Say, shall I fade the Flow'rs it feeds ?
Or will it thence it's Course forsake ?

*Abelard.*A I R IX. *In vain, Dear Chloe.*

I.

Those dancing Eyes, that dimpling Mouth,
 Thy wanton Mien, and smiling Youth
 An Anchorite might gain :
 Nor think that I can boast a Heart
 Proof against such deluding Art,
 Did not a Vow restrain.

II.

Then, since the Chains of her I love
 Admit no Liberty to rove,
 Assert your Sex's Pride ;
 Disdain a Heart already won ;
 Go, make a Conquest all your own,
 Nor fear to be deny'd.

Agat. Must I then pine unpity'd, and expire
 The Victim of a Self-consuming Fire ?
 How curst is Love, the Object unenjoy'd !
 How vain is Youth, when Eighteen is deny'd !
 O fell Disdain ! O killing killing Anguish !
 What Brutes we doat on when for Man we languish !

A I R X. *Tell me, tell me.*

Man, the haughty King of Nature,
 Born to lord it unconfin'd,
 Tyrant reigns o'er ev'ry Creature,
 Chiefly over Woman-kind.

While

While we fly them they pursue us ;
 Tho' we conquer they enslave ;
 When we love they cease to woo us :
 What would fickle Nature have ?

Abel. Demand what else you will, and I comply ;
 But cannot hear a Suit I must deny.

(*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

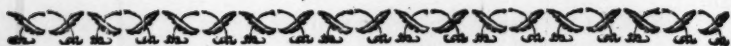
Agaton, (*after a Pause.*)

Ha ! ———— confess my Weakness—and refus'd with
 Scorn ?

Despair and Madness ! —'tis not to be born.
 Oh ! I could tear out my fond foolish Heart,
 That Dupe of Nature ! and that Tool of Art !
 But hold—I find Love's Flame begin to dwindle,
 And Hate and Vengeance in my Bosom kindle.
 Up, up my Rage ! my blown Resentment swell !
 Ye *Furies*, come, and make my Breast your Hell !
 In all your dreadful Characters, arise !
 Whips ! Torches ! Snakes ! and fiery rolling Eyes !
 Possess me all ! —support me with your Aid,
 To teach my squeamish, philosophick Blade,
 Woman rejected is a Devil made !

(*Exit.*

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Fulbert, Agaton.

Fulbert.

AND are you sure you saw 'em so engag'd ?
Mind what you say — for I am much enrag'd.

Agat. Sir, what I say proceeds from Doubt nor Malice,

These Eyes were witness to their amorous Sallies :
He sigh'd his Soul upon her panting Bosom,
And wanton'd — like a Bee upon a Blossom.
Thus, while they interchang'd their Extacy,
With paralytick Voice I heard her cry, —
Oh ! thou'rt the best Philosopher in Love,
That ever did an ign'rant Maid improve !
O make me perfect in the blisful Science !

Ful. And so to Virtue bade a stout Defiance ?
Curse on the wanton Wench ! Curse on the Varlet,
To stab my Faith, and make my Girl an Harlot !
Prove what you say, and, by the chaste St. *Kattern*,
I'll quench his Flame, and set Revenge a Pattern.

Agat. This very Instant you the Fact may prove ;
This very Now they sacrifice to Love.

Ful. If they're bely'd — my Indignation fall
On thee — If not ; they meet, and merit all.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Agat. I think, I'm even with my haughty Youth.
Go — boast your Vows, your Constancy, your Truth.
But, my poor Lady — what has she been doing,
That she should be involv'd in equal Ruin ?

What

The PRECEPTOR.

21

What has she done ? why—does she not engage
The Tyrant's Love ? and therefore shares my Rage :
My Vengeance would not be complete, or safe,
Did I not wound him in his Better Half ;
So, perish Both, since Both Aggressors are ;
Thus, my Resentment equals my Despair.

A I R I. *Christ Church Bells.*

Ye Men of Parts,
Who win our Hearts,
This Maxim be your Guide ;
If a Maid take Flame,
And avow the same,
She must not, will not be deny'd :
For if she once the God confess,
And feel not too his Pow'r to bless,
'Twill soon appear,
The *Graces* are
To th' *Furies* very near ally'd.
Ye Men, &c.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Abelard, Heloise.

Hel. No, *Abelard* — I never shall consent
To what, perhaps, we may in vain repent.
Does not each Day's Experience sadly prove,
The Bond of Marriage is the Tomb of Love ?
See, thro' all Stations, all Degrees of Life,
Th' exulting Mistress, the despairing Wife :
And in our Sex like Harmony I grant,
See the loath'd Husband, the ador'd Gallant.
Surely there must be some Antipathy
Between the Hand and Heart, so seldom they agree.
Of all the Feats of *Jove's* immortal Flame,
His greatest Conquest was *Amphytrion's* Dame ;
The Swan, the Bull, the Glory, and the Shower
Were the resistless Efforts of his Power,

What

What Woman could repulse the dread Intriguer,
 When arm'd with Song, or Dress, or Gold, or Vigour?
 But sure he prov'd his Godhead to the Life,
 When in a Husband's Form he charm'd a Wife!

A I R II. *The Groves, the Plains.*

I.

Could all you say,
 This Truth display
 That Marriage would our Hearts cement,
 I would invoke
 The nuptial Yoke,
 And draw with you, my Dear, content.

II.

But, if you trace
 The human Race,
 And take Experience for your Guide,
 Alas! I fear
 It will appear,
 The Remedy of Love apply'd.

S C E N E IV.

Fulbert listening.

Abel. Affirm that Truth is Error, Right is Wrong,
 Who can disprove it ——— falling from that Tongue?
 But yet, admitting the connubial Tye
 Deriv'd alone from earthly Policy,
 (Tho', sure, it were no arduous Task to prove,
 The Laws of Heaven are the Laws of Love)
 The Acts of Man a strict Obedience claim,
 Since they decide our good or evil Fame.
 Can thy chaste Ears endure the opprobrious Tongue,
 With foul Reproach, and cruel Slander hung?
 Or, when this Gust of Passion's blown away,
 And all the bloom of beauty shall decay,
 When a fair Fame is all the Foast of Life,
 The spotless Virgin, or the blameless Wife,

Wilt

Wilt thou not curse the Author of thy Shame,
Tho' from thy now lov'd *Abelard* it came?

Hel. Censure proceeds from Envy more than Hate.
'Tis in th' Affair of Love, as in the State,
Of every Tongue it's Act the *Odium* draws,
Whilst ev'ry Heart beats wanton in the Cause.
Your *Heloise* scorns by any Laws to prove
Her Faith, but such as Nature gave to Love.
Let Int'rest, Wealth, and Pride, those vulgar Joys,
Await the Dame whose Passion needs such Tyes;
It is for *Abelard's* sake I love *Abelard*;
Love is my Merit, be it my Reward.

Abel. O Love unequal'd, thron'd in unequal'd Beauty!
Reign by what Laws you will, I am all Duty.
Science and Fame farewell, ——— for Love shall be
Henceforth our Study, Pride, and Property;
Love all our Time, our Faculties improve,
We'll ask no Bliss, invoke no Pow'r but Love!

(*Embrace.*

Ful. Plague on the Russian! how he fastens on her.
Nay — now 'tis past Dispute he has undone her.

By all the avenging Powers of holy *Rome*,
I will not sleep 'till I have fix'd his Doom.

(*Exit.*

SCENE V.

AIR. III. *Conforza escosa.*

I.

Ab. — Come to my Arms, my Pride,
Close let me clasp thee.

Hel. — See mine extended wide,
Ready to grasp thee.

Ab. My Fund of Treasure!

Hel. My Fount of Pleasure!

Ab. On thy Charms

Hel. In thy Arms

Ab. Let me sigh.

Hel. Let me die.

Ab.

The PRECEPTOR.

II.

Ab. O how you blefs me!

Hel. O how you prefs me!

Ab. My Sight and Sense fail.

Hel. What is it I ail?

Ab. O how I shiver!

Hel. O how I quiver!

Ab. See! I die!

Hel. So do I!

Ab. Oh!

Hel. Oh!

Ab. Oh!

Hel. Oh!

SCENE VI.

Enter Agaton hastily.

Agat. Alas! alas! dear Madam, y'are betray'd:
All was o'erlook'd y'have done, o'erheard y'have said.
I met your Uncle like a Tempest raging——
See, where he comes! the Blast there's no engaging.

(Exit.)

SCENE VIII.

Fulbert, in a Fury.

Ful. I have o'erheard your wanton Dialogue,
Thou most abandon'd Whore! thou matchlefs Rogue!
Was it for this in Virtue's Paths I led thee *(To her.)*
Hail'd thee my Child, and like a Daughter bred thee?
Was it for this——thou ignominious Tutor! *(To him.)*
I entertain'd thee?——Was it to pollute her?
A Tutor thou!——A Tutor for the Devil,
To root up Grace, and plant the Seeds of Evil.

Abel. Consider Sir, th' Allurements of a Face
Have often foil'd the stubborn Pow'rs of Grace;
But when to Youth, and Beauty's Charms are joyn'd
The more divine Attractions of the Mind, *The*

The vanquish'd force of Reason we deplore,
And where we ought to govern, we adore.
The Rage of other Passions we may still;
But Love is in our Fate, and not our Will.

Ful. And so, when you've seduc'd a simple Maid,
By force of Nature Reason was betray'd!
And, doubtless, she'll as eloquently prove,
The Loss of Honour was the Force of Love!

Hel. * To you, alone, dear Uncle, I appeal;
Approve my Lover or my Passion heal.
If in the Maze of Youth I've fondly stray'd,
And Nature's Laws instead of your's obey'd,
Impute my Fault to Love's severe Decree;
When the Heart's vanquish'd, can aught else be free?

Ful. If Nature led you to indulge your Flame,
If Love was stronger than the Lust of Fame,
It did not prompt you to blaspheme the sacred Laws
Of Marriage, which alone could hide your Honour's Flaws.
What! must you strive to complicate your Shame,
And wound at once my Function and my Name?

A I R. IV. *March in Scipio.*

I.

Heloise, kneeling,
See! — where your Niece,
Love's sad delinquent lies;
And here will lie, unless
Your Pity bids her rise.

II.

Abelard, falling on his knees,
Behold a Suppliant too,
Who ne'er knelt to Man before!
What more can Sinners do
Than Mercy to implore?

* These six Lines are a Parody on a celebrated Speech
in *Oedipus*, beginning — To you, good Gods, &c.

III.

Hel. Consider what you preach.

Ab. Oh! think for what you pray.

Hel. That Pity which you teach,

Ab. Do you yourself display.

Fulbert.

A I R V. *Whilst the Town's brim-full of Folly.*

Vain these Arts, in vain this Whining :

Say, will Sighs atone your sinning ?

Or Tears your squander'd Fame retrieve ?

Sooner shall Beauty not be failing,

Discarded Courtiers cease from railing,

Than I the foul Affront forgive.

A I R VI. *Irish Howl.*

Ab. Water the hardest Rocks will pierce,
And Brutes by Art are made less fierce :

Hel. But yet, nor Floods of Tears, nor Art
Can melt or tame a Tyrant's Heart.

C H O R U S.

Ab. Oh! alas !

Hel. O wretched Case !

Ab. Must we sue in vain ?

Hel. Will you still disdain ?

Both. Oh!—Oh! cruel, cruel, cruel *Fulbert*,
Than savage Beasts more fell !

Ful. They will disarm me, if I don't disguise. [*aside.*
I can no more.——Compose your Hearts, and rise.
[*They rise.*

The'

Tho' ye have thaw'd me by your warm Petition,
Know that I melt not, but on this Condition;
As Love has join'd your Hearts, consent your Hands
Unite in Wedlock.

Ab. I approve the Bands;

Say, dear Inslaver of my Soul, do you?

Hel. If on no other Terms you're mine,—I do.

Ful. 'Tis well.—The rest belongs to me.—Retire,
The Night's far spent, and Rest ye both require.

[*Exeunt* Abelard and Heloise *severally*.]

S C E N E VIII.

Go—rest, fond Fool, while my Resentment wakes,
'Tis the last manly Nap the Traitor takes.
As soon as Sleep shall lull our Lover's Senses,
This Woman's Joy a Woman's Hate commences. [*Exit*.]

S C E N E IX.

A Chamber, a Table and Candle.

Heloise *discover'd sitting on a Couch, in a melancholy Posture.*

Hel. It was a strange Transition, and I fear
Too sudden to be lasting, or sincere:
Methinks, it is not natural, to find
The most obdurate Passion of the Mind
Melt all at once to Pity. If I know
My Uncle right, to Pity he's as slow
As Mercy is to punish.—To forgive!
He would not his own Innocence retrieve
On that Condition.—
What means my Heart by this foreboding Flutter?
Again!—again!—kind Heaven shield my Tutor!
[*Two or three Bars of Air 7.*
Whence this melodious Air?—Sure Nature grows
Delirious, —I'll give her soft Repose.

D 2

A I R

AIR VII. *A Lads that was loaden with Care,*

Come, *Morpheus*, kind God of Relief,
Lull my Senses o'erladen with Grief;
Let my Lover my Slumbers await,
And give him—thro'—the—horny-gate.
Come, *Morpheus*, &c. [Falls asleep.

SCENE X.

The Ghost of Virginitie rises to the following Air, represented by a young Maiden dress'd in White, crown'd with Flowers, &c. The Character to be render'd as amiable as possible.

Ghost of Virginitie, singing as it rises.

AIR VIII. *Geminiani's Minuet.*

I.

From the blest *Elysian* Bowers,
Chaste Abode of spotless Maids,
Sent, by the avenging Powers,
Heloisa to upbraid,
To let the fair Transgressor see
The Ghost of her Virginitie.

II.

Gods no greater Vengeance boast,
Or to Mortals can dispense,
Than to shew them what they've lost,
When they lose their Innocence:
Awake, then, *Heloise*, and see
The Ghost of thy Virginitie.

Hel.

Hel. waking.] O thou angelic Form! thou heavenly Vision!
[She runs to embrace Virginitv, which suddenly disappears.]

SCENE XI.

Alas! 'tis fled, and left me in derision.
 Hard is thy Fate, most hard indeed, poor Ghost!
 Loath'd while possess'd, and only lov'd when lost!
 But all in vain I weep, lament in vain,
 Nor Sighs nor Tears will bring thee back again.
 Ah! why was female Honour made so frail?
 Guard me, ye Pow'rs! what does the Woman ail?

SCENE XII.

Enter Agaton, distracted.

Aga. Wreck me, tempestuous Seas! Ye Whirlwinds
 tear me!

Gape Earth! yawn Hell! arise, ye Fiends, and scare me!
 Remorse, Revenge, Love, Hatred, and Despair
 Divide my Breast, and reign alternate there!
 My Mind's all Anarchy! a Maze! a Chaos!
 And my lost Reason rolls without a Bias!

[In a softer Voice.]

Hard-fated Youth! had not I sigh'd in vain,
 Thou hadst not felt the ignominious Pain.
 Hard-fated *Abelard*!

Hel. What do I hear! Protect him ev'ry Saint!
 Oh! what of him?

Aga. Oh! fled—for ever fled
 Love's fonded Hopes! O disappointed Maid!
 I am the desp'rate Author of your Woe:
 Go—and behold Love's luckless Martyr—go!
 Go, mourn your blighted Hopes, your ravish'd Joys:
 The Tutor lives—but oh! the Lover dies.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE B

SCENE XIII.

Fulbert.

The Cause remov'd, th' effect of course must cease;
 There was no other Way to right my Niece.
 Let future Wits, warm with unhallow'd Fires,
 Learn hence to bridle their unchaste Desires;
 And let the Fair, incontinent of Fame,
 Take heed how she return the guilty Flame,
 Lest, if her injur'd Sire a *Fulbert* prove,
 She find her Spark an *Abelard* in Love.

[Exit.]

SCENE XIV.

Abelard, Heloise.

AIR IX. *Come and listen to my Ditty.*

Ab. Come, and pity my Condition,
 All ye Wretches made by Love;
 Time's a wounded Heart's Physician;
 What will my Disease remove?

Hel. Hither come, ye luckless Maidens,
 Who of cruel Parents tell;
 See a Nymph with Woes more laden!
 See a Parent yet more fell!

Ab. Cease, ah! cease, my Dear, your Mourning;
 Yet Love's Blessing may be thine;
 Some happier Youth may quench your Burning,
 But, no Maid re-kindle mine!

Hel. Oh! no, no.—These Arms for ever
 Shall lie folded on my Breast;
 She, who has been thine, can never
 By another Youth be blest.

Still,

Still, still I burn, tho' fruitless be the Flame;
Still, in my Heart, my *Abelard's* the same.
Yet, yet I hang enraptur'd o'er thy Form,
And, I am warm'd—without the Pow'r to warm!
Come, and indulge the Transport of my Mind,
And be, at least, *platonically* kind:
If the soft Seat of Love is in the Soul,
What outward Violence can its Laws controul,
'Tis, by this Trial, but the more refin'd,
The Dross subsides, the Gold is left behind.

Ab. O thou too lovely, thou too faithful Dame!
Thou dear Perdition, Source of Joy and Shame!
Vain are your Hopes, and Fancy but deceives;
Nature's Defect no Force of Art retrieves.
Sooner the sapless Tree shall Fruitage yield,
Sooner with Plenty team the barren Field,
Than the warm Tide of Passion shall return,
If it be once from its lov'd Channel borne.
But, if thou wou'dst be more than Womankind,
If with my Fate thou hast thy own combin'd,
From this vain World for ever let's retire,
To nobler Aims, sublimer Joys aspire.
I taught thee to transgress, and be content
That I should also teach thee to repent;
Thus, what in Vice began shall Virtue end,
And well exchange the Loyer for the Friend.

Hel. Alas! my *Abelard*, depriv'd of thee,
This World has no Enjoyment left for me.
To echoing Vaults, and dreary Cells I go,
Sad, solemn Scenes of penitential Woe!
There, where no guilty Flame the Bosom warms,
No flatt'ring Hope deceives, no Fear alarms;
Where spotless Vestals watch the rising Passion,
And only wail original Transgression;
There Weeping, Fasting, Penance shall deface
These Charms,—curst Authors of thy dire Disgrace!

The PRECEPTOR.

AIR X. *The dying Swan.*

O my dear Lord! my Love! my Life!
 Our fatal Passion draws
 On thee this Weight of Shame, and Grief,
 And I the guilty Cause.
 Then, while thou go'st, in thy sad State,
 Th' Extremes of Fate to prove,
 Thy *Heloise* shall share that Fate,
 And expiate thus her Love.

Come, let's away, while Heav'n its Warmth inspires,
 To quench our earthly with celestial Fires.

But, yet, one parting Sigh, — a last Adieu —

Oh! Heaven and Earth!

[*Embrace,*

Ab. Was ever Nymph so true?

Farewel, my *Heloise*, till we meet above,

In those blest Realms where 'tis no Crime to love.

AIR XI. *I'll range all round the shady Bowers.*

Ab. Ye Learn'd,

Hel. Ye Fair,

Ab. Whose Wit,

Hel. Whose Charms

Ab. Beat in your Hearts Love's soft Alarms,

Hel. Learn hence,

Ab. From us,

Hel. It's Truth,

Ab. It's Force;

Hel. But mark the Means of our Divorce.

CHORUS.

And, while your Breasts with Pity melt,
 That like Distress may ne'er be felt,
 Let this, our sad Example, prove
 The dire Effects of lawless Love.

FINIS.

William Newenham

March 20th 1789